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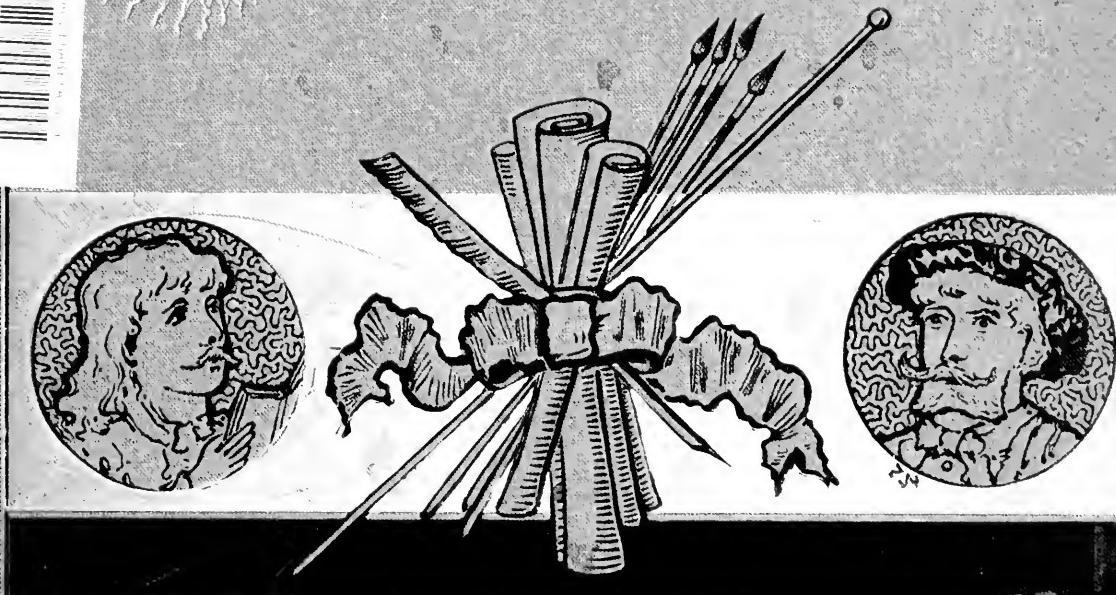
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# IDEAL POEMS

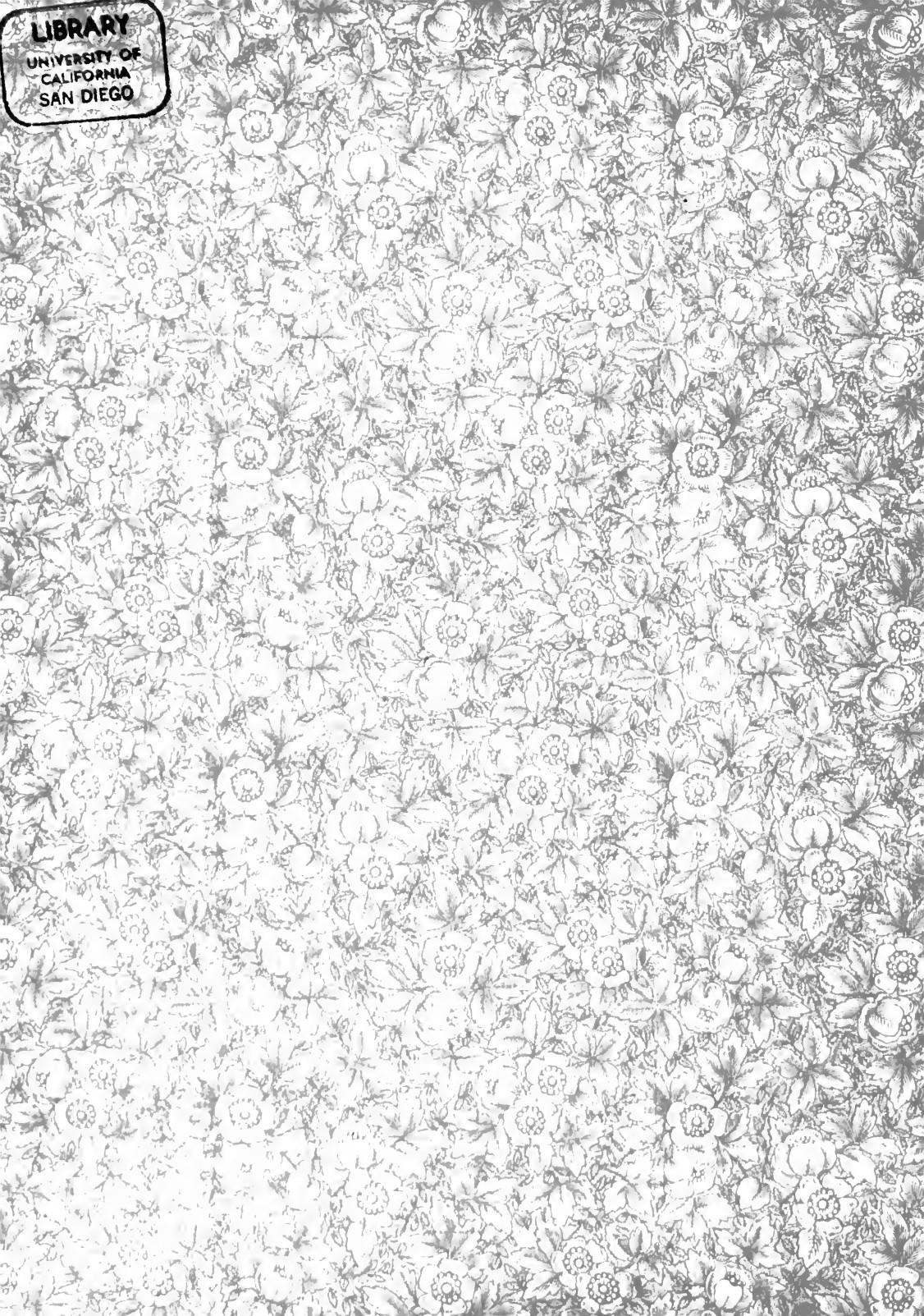


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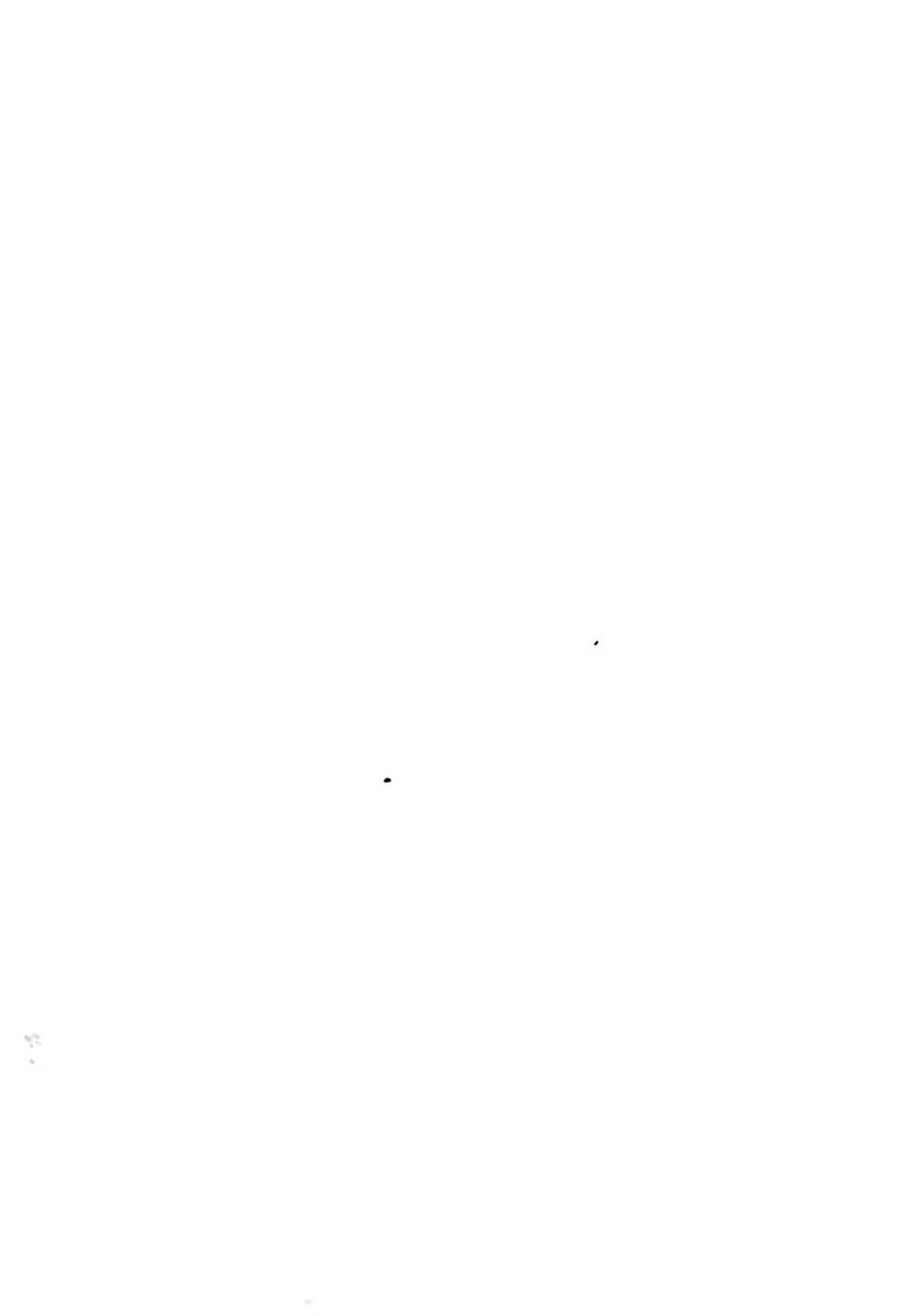
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I MOVE THE SWEET FORGET-ME-NOTS  
THAT GROW FOR HAPPY LOVERS.

*Daniel Lothrop*

# IDEAL POEMS

FROM THE ENGLISH POETS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
AMERICAN ARTISTS



BOSTON  
D. LOTHROP AND COMPANY  
FRANKLIN STREET

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## IDEAL POEMS.



## THE BROOK.

I COME from haunts of coot and hern,  
I make a sudden sally  
And sparkle out among the fern,  
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down.  
Or slip between the ridges,  
By twenty thorps, a little town,  
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,  
In little sharps and trebles,  
I bubble into eddying bays,  
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret  
    By many a field and fallow,  
And many a fairy foreland set  
    With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow  
    To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
    But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out.  
    With here a blossom sailing,  
And here and there a lusty trout,  
    And here and there a grayling.

And here and there a foamy flake  
    Upon me as I travel  
With many a silvery waterbreak  
    Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along and flow  
    To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
    But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,  
I slide by hazel covers ;  
I move the sweet forget-me-nots  
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance.  
Among my skimming swallows ;  
I make the netted sunbeam dance  
Against my sandy shallows.

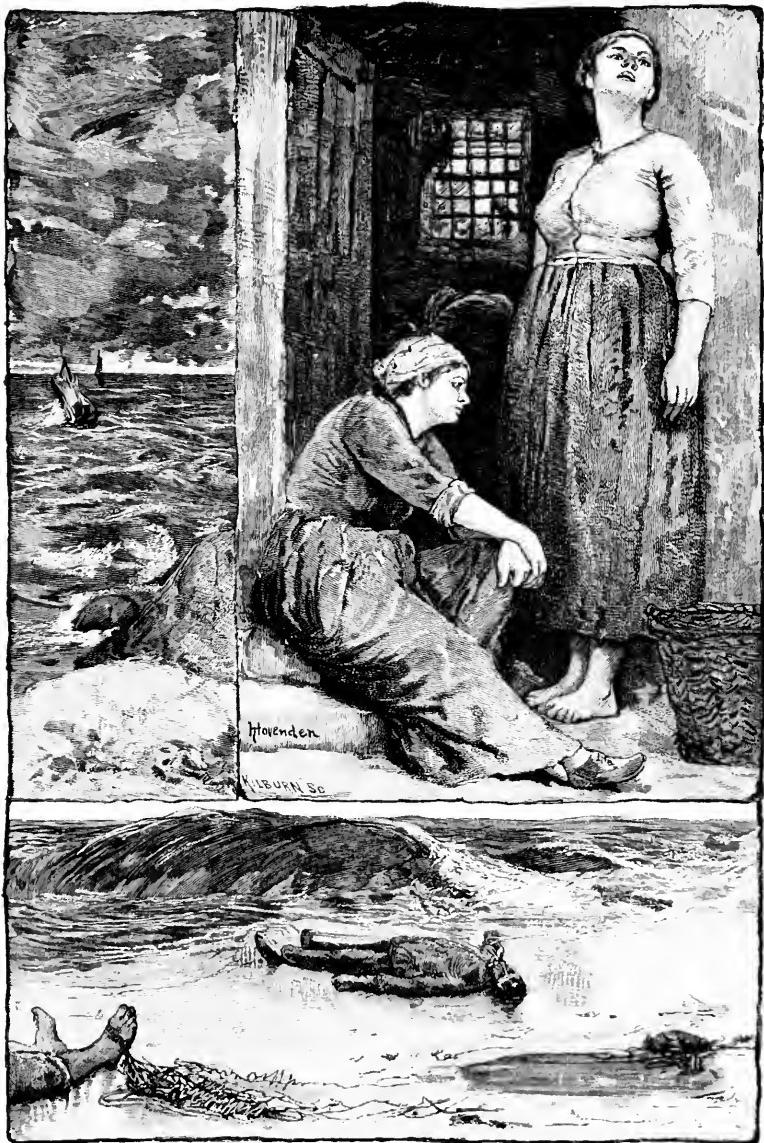
I murmur under moon and stars  
In brambly wildernesses ;  
I linger by my shingly bars ;  
I loiter round my cresses :

- And out again I curve and flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on forever.

## THE THREE FISHERS.

THREE fishers went sailing away to the West—  
Away to the West as the sun went down;  
Each thought on the woman who loved him best.  
And the children stood watching them out of the  
town;  
For men must work and women must weep;  
And there's little to earn and many to keep,  
Though the harbor-bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower  
And trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;  
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the  
shower,  
And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and  
brown.  
But men must work and women must weep,  
Though storms be sudden and waters deep,  
And the harbor-bar be moaning.



FOR MEN MUST WORK, AND WOMEN MUST WEEP.



Three corpses lay out on the shining sands  
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,  
And the women are weeping and wringing their  
hands  
For those who will never come back to the town ;  
For men must work and women must weep —  
And the sooner it's over the sooner to sleep —  
And good-by to the bar and its moaning.

## THE LONG WHITE SEAM,

AS I came round the harbor buoy  
The lights began to gleam;  
No wave the land-locked water stirred,  
The crags were white as cream.  
And I marked my love by candle light  
Sewing her long white seam.  
It's ay sewing ashore, my dear,  
Watch and steer at sea—  
It's reef and furl, and haul the line,  
Set sail and think of thee.

I climbed to reach her cottage door;  
Oh, sweetly my love sings!  
Like a shaft of light her voice breaks forth;  
My soul to meet it springs  
As the shining water leaped of old  
When stirred by angel wings.  
Ay, longing to list anew,  
Awake and in my dream,  
But never a song she sang like this,  
Sewing her long white seam.



BY THE CANDLE'S FLICKERING GLEAM.



Fair fall the lights, the harbor lights,  
That brought me in to thee.  
And peace drop down on that low roof  
For the sight that I did see.  
And the voice, my dear, that rang so clear  
All for the love of me.  
For oh, for oh, with brows bent low,  
By the candle's flickering gleam,  
Her wedding-gown it was she wrought,  
Sewing the long white seam.

## O MAY I JOIN THE CHOIR INVISIBLE!

O MAY I join the choir invisible  
Of those immortal dead who live again  
In minds made better by their presence ; live  
In pulses stirred to generosity,  
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn  
Of miserable aims that end with self.  
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,  
And with their mild persistence urge men's minds  
To vaster issues.

So to live is heaven :  
To make undying music in the world,  
Breathing a beauteous order that controls  
With growing sway the growing life of man.  
So we inherit that sweet purity  
For which we struggled, failed and agonized  
With widening retrospect that bred despair.  
Rebellious flesh that would not be subdued,  
A vicious parent shaming still its child.  
Poor, anxious penitence is quick dissolved ;



"MAY I REACH THAT PUREST HEAVEN!"



Its discords, quenched by meeting harmonies,  
Die in the large and charitable air ;  
And all our rarer, better, truer self.  
That sobbed religiously in yearning song,  
That watched to ease the burden of the world,  
Laboriously tracing what must be,  
And what may yet be better — saw rather  
A worthier image for the sanctuary  
And shaped it forth before the multitude,  
Divinely human, raising worship so  
To higher reverence more mixed with love —  
That better self shall live till human Time  
Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky  
Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb  
Unread forever.

This is life to come,  
Which martyred men have made more glorious  
For us who strive to follow.

May I reach  
That purest heaven — be to other souls  
The cup of strength in some great agony,  
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,

26     *O MAY I JOIN THE CHOIR INVISIBLE!*

Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,  
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,  
And in diffusion ever more intense !  
So shall I join the choir invisible  
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS  
FROM GHENT TO AIX.

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris and he :  
I galloped, Direk galloped, we galloped all three ;  
“Good speed !” cried the watch as the gate-bolts  
undrew,  
“Speed !” echoed the wall to us galloping through.  
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,  
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other : we kept the great pace—  
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our  
place ;  
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,  
Then shortened each stirrup and set the pique right,  
Rebuckled the check-strap, chained slacken the bit,  
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

‘Twas moonset at starting ; but while we drew near  
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear ;  
At Boom a great yellow star came out to see ;

At Düffeld 'twas morning as plain as could be;  
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime —

So Joris broke silence with “ Yet there is time ! ”

At Aerschot up leaped of a sudden the sun,  
And against him the cattle stood black every one,  
To stare through the mist at us galloping past;  
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last  
With resolute shoulders, each butting away  
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray ;

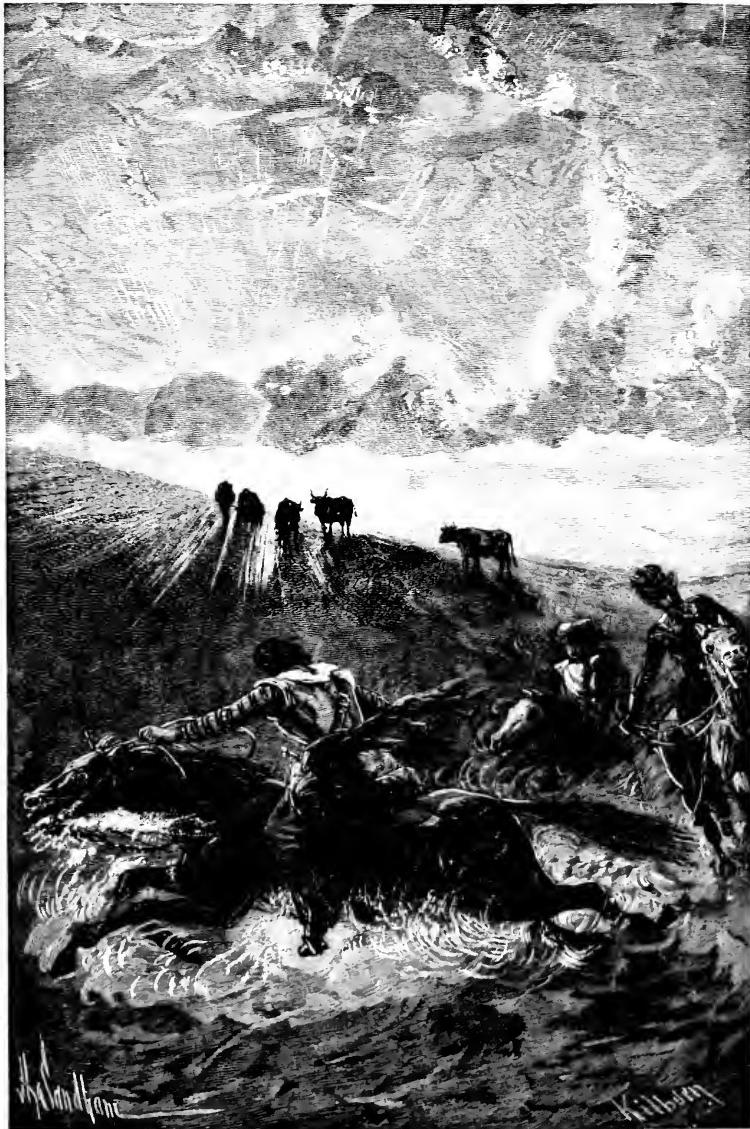
And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear  
bent back

For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track,  
And one eye's black intelligence — ever that glance  
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance ;  
And the thick heavy spume-flakes, which aye and anon

His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt. Direk groaned; and cried Joris, “ Stay  
spur ! ”

Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her;  
We'll remember at Aix ” — for one heard the quick  
wheeze



AT AERSCHOT UP LEAPED OF A SUDDEN THE SUN.



Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,  
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,  
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping. Joris and I,  
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;  
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh;  
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;  
Till over by Delhem a dome spire sprung white,  
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!" — and all in a moment his roan  
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;  
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight  
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,  
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,  
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,  
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,  
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,  
Called my Roland his pet name, my horse without peer —

Clapped my hands, laughed and sung, any noise,  
bad or good,  
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is friends flocking around,  
As I sate with his head twixt my knees on the  
ground ; .

And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine  
As I poured down his throat our last measure of  
wine.

Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)  
Was no more than his due who brought good news  
from Ghent.

## MOTHER AND POET.

DEAD! one of them shot by the sea in the east,  
And one of them shot in the west by the sea.  
Dead! both my boys! When you sit at the feast  
And are wanting a great song for Italy free,  
Let none look at *me*!

Yet I was a poetess only last year,  
And good at my art for a woman, men said,  
But *this* woman, *this*, who is agonized here,  
The east sea and west sea rhyme on in her head  
Forever instead.

What art can woman be good at? Oh, vain!  
What art *is* she good at, but hurting her breast  
With the milk-teeth of babes, and a smile at the  
pain?  
Ah, boys, how you hurt! you were strong as  
you pressed,  
And *I* proud by that test.

What's art for a woman? To hold on her knees  
Both darlings! to feel all their arms round her  
throat  
Cling, strangle a little! To sew by degrees,  
And 'broider the long clothes and neat little coat!  
To dream and to dote.

To teach them . . . It stings there. *I* made them  
indeed  
Speak plain the word ‘country.’ *I* taught them,  
no doubt,  
That a country’s a thing men should die for at need.  
*I* prated of liberty, rights, and about  
The tyrant turned out.

And when their eyes flashed, oh, my beautiful eyes!  
I exulted! nay, let them go forth at the wheels  
Of the guns, and denied not. But then the surprise,  
When one sits quite alone! Then one weeps, then  
one kneels!  
— God! how the house feels.

At first happy news came, in gay letters moiled  
With my kisses, of camp-life and glory, and how

They both loved me, and soon, coming home to be  
spoiled,

In return would fan off every fly from my brow  
With their green laurel bough.

Then was triumph at Turin. ‘Ancona was free!’

And some one came out of the cheers in the street,  
With a face pale as stone to say something to me.

My Guido was dead! I fell down at his feet  
While they cheered in the street.

I bore it—friends soothed me: my grief looked  
sublime

As the ransom of Italy. One boy remained  
To be leant on and walked with, recalling the time  
When the first grew immortal, while both of us  
strained  
To the height he had gained.

And letters still came—shorter, sadder, more strong.

Writ now but in one hand. I was not to faint.  
One loved me for two . . . would be with me ere  
long,

And ‘Viva Italia’ *he* died for, our saint,  
Who forbids our complaint.

My Nanni would add, 'he was safe and aware  
 Of a presence that turned off the balls . . . was  
 imprest

It was Guido himself, who knew what I could bear,  
 And how 'twas impossible, quite dispossessed,  
 To live on for the rest.'

On which, without pause, up the telegraph line,  
 Swept smoothly the next news from Gaeta — *Shot.*  
*Tell his mother.* Ah, ah! 'his,' 'their' mother: not  
 'mine.'

No voice says '*my* mother' again to me. What!  
 You think Guido forgot?

Are souls straight so happy that, dizzy with Heaven,  
 They drop earth's affection, conceive not of woe?  
 I think not. Themselves were too lately forgiven  
 Through that Love and Sorrow which reconciled so  
 The Above and Below.

O Christ of the seven wounds, who look'dst through  
 the dark  
 To the face of thy mother! consider, I pray,  
 How we common mothers stand desolate, mark,  
 Whose sons, not being Christs, die with eyes  
 turned away,  
 And no last word to say!



DEAD! ONE OF THEM SHOT BY THE SEA IN THE EAST,  
AND ONE OF THEM SHOT IN THE WEST BY THE SEA.



Both boys dead! but that's out of nature. We all  
Have been patriots, yet each house must always  
keep one.

'Twere imbecile hewing out roads to a wall,  
And when Italy's made, for what end is it done  
If we have not a son?

Ah! ah! ah! when Gaeta's taken, what then?  
When the fair, wicked queen sits no more at her  
sport  
Of the fire-balls of death crashing souls out of men?  
When your guns of Cavalli, with final retort,  
Have cut the game short—

When Venice and Rome keep their new jubilee,  
When your flag takes all Heaven for its white,  
green, and red.  
When *you* have your country from mountain to sea,  
When King Victor has Italy's crown on his head,  
(And I have my dead)

What then? Do not mock me! Ah, ring your  
bells low!  
And burn your lights faintly. *My* country is there,  
Above the star pricked by the last peak of snow.  
*My* Italy's there—with my brave civic Pair,  
To disfranchise despair.

Forgive me. Some women bear children in strength,  
And bite back the cry of their pain in self-scorn,  
But the birth-pangs of nations will wring us at length  
Into wail such as this! and we sit on forlorn  
When the man-child is born.

Dead! one of them shot by the sea in the west!  
And one of them shot in the east by the sea!  
Both! both my boys! If, in keeping the feast,  
You want a great song for your Italy free,  
Let none look at *me*!

## BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

A SOLDIER of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,  
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was  
dearth of woman's tears;  
But a comrade stood beside him while his life-blood  
ebbed away,  
And bent with pitying glances to hear what he  
might say.  
The dying soldier faltered, and he took that com-  
rade's hand,  
And he said, "I never more shall see my own, my  
native land :  
Take a message, and a token to some distant friends  
of mine,  
For I was born at Bingen, at Bingen on the Rhine."

"Tell my brothers and companions when they meet  
and crowd around  
To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vine-  
yard ground,

That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was done,  
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting sun ;  
And, 'mid the dead and dying, were some grown old in wars.  
The death-wound on their gallant breasts the last of many scars :  
And some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn decline.  
And one had come from Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine.

“ Tell my mother that her other son shall comfort her old age ;  
For I was still a truant bird that thought his home a cage.  
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child  
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild ;  
And when he died and left us to divide his scanty hoard  
I let them take whate'er they would, but I kept my father's sword ;



"TELL MY SISTER NOT TO WEEP FOR ME."



And with boyish love I hung it where the bright  
light used to shine  
On the cottage wall at Bingen, calm Bingen on the  
Rhine.

.. Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with  
drooping head  
When the troops come marching home again with  
glad and gallant tread,  
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and  
steadfast eye,  
For her brother was a soldier, too, and not afraid to die;  
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her, in my  
name,  
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame.  
And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's  
sword and mine),  
For the honor of old Bingen, dear Bingen on the  
Rhine.

“There's another, not a sister; in the happy days  
gone by  
You'd have known her by the merriment that spark-  
led in her eye;  
Too innocent for coquetry, too fond for idle scorning,

O, friend ! I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning.

Tell her the last night of my life (for ere the moon be risen

My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison),

I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow sun-light shine

On the vine-clad hills of Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine.

“I saw the blue Rhine sweep along, I heard, or seemed to hear.

The German songs we used to sing in chorus sweet and clear ;

And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill, The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and still ;

And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed, with friendly talk,

Down many a path beloved of yore, and well remembered walk,

And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly, in mine, But we'll meet no more at Bingen, loved Bingen on the Rhine.”

His trembling voice grew faint and hoarse, his grasp  
    was childish weak.  
His eyes put on a dying look, he sighed, and ceased  
    to speak ;  
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life  
    had fled,  
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land was dead ;  
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she  
    looked down  
On the red sand of the battle-field with bloody corses  
    strown ;  
Yet calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light  
    seemed to shine.  
As it shone on distant Bingen, fair Bingen on the  
    Rhine.

## A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

IS there, for honest poverty,  
That hangs his head, and a' that?  
The coward-slave, we pass him by,  
We dare be poor for a' that!  
For a' that, and a' that,  
Our toils obscure, and a' that;  
The rank is but the guinea-stamp!  
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,  
Wear hoddern gray, and a' that;  
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,  
A man's a man for a' that.  
For a' that, and a' that,  
Their tinsel show, and a' that;  
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,  
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ea'd a lord,  
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;



A MAN FOR A' THAT.



Though hundreds worship at his word,  
He's but a coof for a' that ;  
For a' that, and a' that.  
His rib and star, and a' that.  
The man of independent mind,  
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can make a belted knight.  
A marquis, duke, and a' that :  
But an honest man's aboon his might.  
Gnid faith, he mauna fa' that !  
For a' that, and a' that,  
Their dignities, and a' that.  
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,  
Are higher ranks than a' that.

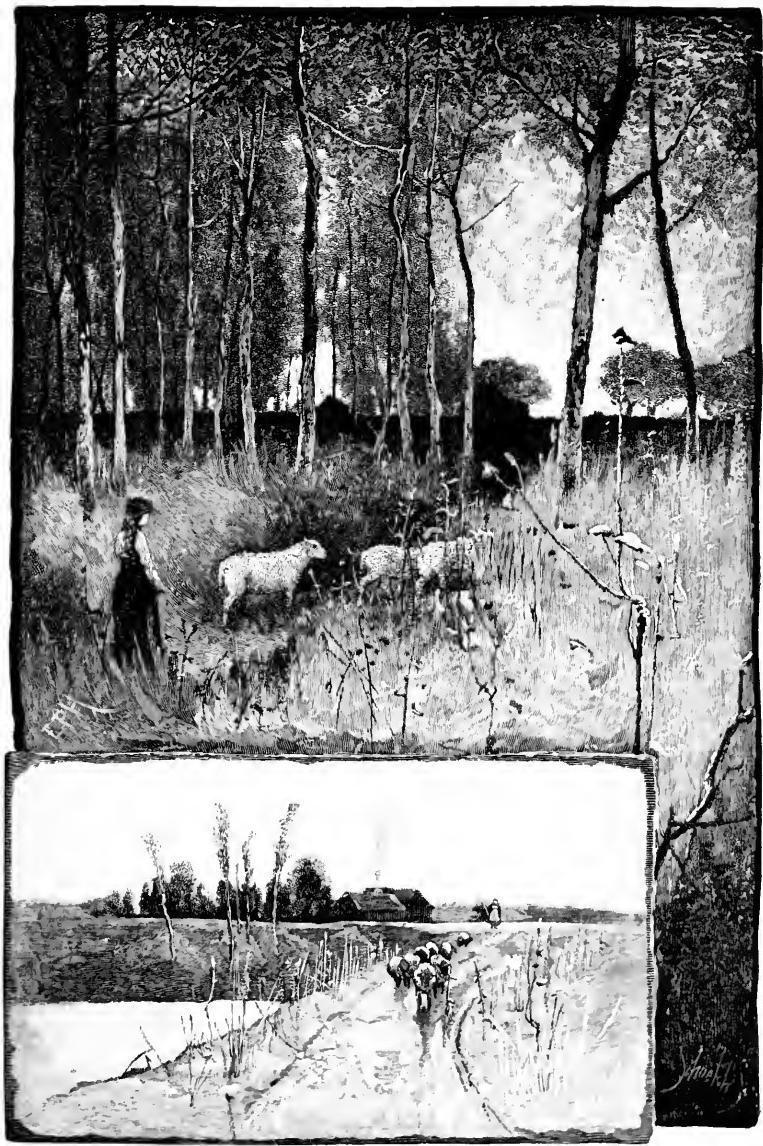
Then let us pray that come it may,  
As come it will for a' that.  
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,  
May bear the gree, and a' that ;  
For a' that, and a' that,  
It's coming yet for a' that :  
That man to man, the warld o'er,  
Shall brothers be for a' that.

## NATURE'S LADY.

**T**HREE years she grew in sun and shower,  
Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower  
On earth was never sown;  
This child I to myself will take,  
She shall be mine, and I will make  
A lady of my own."

" Myself will to my darling be  
Both law and impulse : and with me  
The Girl, in rock and plain,  
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,  
Shall feel an overseeing power  
To kindle or restrain.

" She shall be sportive as the fawn  
That wild with glee across the lawn  
Or up the mountain springs ;  
And hers shall be the breathing balm,  
And hers the silence and the calm,  
Of mute insensate things.



SHE SHALL BE SPORTIVE AS THE FAWN.



“The floating clouds their state shall lend  
To her ; for her the willows bend ;  
Nor shall she fail to see  
Even in the motions of the storm  
Grace that shall mould the maiden’s form  
By silent sympathy.

“The stars of midnight shall be dear  
To her ; and she shall lean her ear  
In many a secret place  
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,  
And beauty born of murmuring sound  
Shall pass into her face.”

## RING OUT, WILD BELLS.

**R**ING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
The flying cloud, the frosty light:  
The year is dying in the night;  
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:  
The year is going, let him go;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind  
For those that here we see no more;  
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
And ancient forms of party strife;  
Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
With sweeter manners, purer laws.



RING OUT THE FALSE, RING IN THE TRUE.



Ring out the want, the care, the sin,  
The faithless coldness of the times;  
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,  
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
The civic slander and the spite;  
Ring in the love of truth and right,  
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;  
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;  
Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

TO A SKYLARK.

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit —  
Bird thou never wert —  
That from heaven or near it  
Pourest thy full heart  
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher  
From the earth thou springest,  
Like a cloud of fire;  
The blue deep thou wingest,  
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever sing-  
est.

In the golden lightning  
Of the sunken sun,  
O'er which clouds art bright'ning,  
Thou dost float and run,  
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even  
Melts around thy flight;  
Like a star of heaven,  
In the broad daylight  
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight—

Keen as are the arrows  
Of that silver sphere  
Whose intense lamp narrows  
In the white dawn clear  
Until we hardly see, we feel, that it is there.

All the earth and air  
With thy voice is loud,  
As, when night is bare,  
From one lonely cloud  
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is  
overflowed.

What thou art we know not;  
What is most like thee?  
From rainbow-clouds there flow not  
Drops so bright to see  
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody:—

Like a poet hidden  
In the light of thought,  
Singing hymns unbidden,  
Till the world is wrought  
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not;

Like a high-born maiden  
In a palace tower,  
Soothing her love-laden  
Soul in secret hour  
With music sweet as love which overflows her bower;

Like a glow-worm golden  
In a dell of dew,  
Scattering un beholden  
Its aerial hue  
Among the flowers and grass which screen it from  
the view;

Like a rose embowered  
In its own green leaves,  
By warm winds deflowered.  
Till the scent it gives  
Makes faint with too much heat these heavy-winged  
thieves;



THOU ART UNSEEN, BUT YET I HEAR THY SHRIE DELIGHT.



Sound of vernal showers  
On the twinkling grass,  
Rain-awakened flowers —  
All that ever was  
Joyous and clear and fresh — thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird.  
What sweet thoughts are thine:  
I have never heard  
Praise of love or wine  
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,  
Or triumphal chaunt,  
Matched with thine, would be all  
But an empty vaunt —  
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains  
Of the happy strain?  
What fields, or waves or mountains?  
What shapes of sky or plain?  
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of  
pain?

With thy clear keen joyance  
Languor cannot be:  
Shadow of annoyance  
Never came near thee:  
Thou lovest, but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,  
Thou of death must deem  
Things more true and deep  
Than we mortals dream.  
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal  
stream?

We look before and after,  
And pine for what is not;  
Our sincerest laughter  
With some pain is fraught:  
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest  
thought.

Yet, if we could scorn  
Hate and pride and fear,  
If we were things born  
Not to shed a tear,  
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures  
Of delightful sound,  
Better than all treasures  
That in books are found,  
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the  
ground !

Teach me half the gladness  
That thy brain must know.  
Such harmonious madness  
From my lips would flow  
The world should listen then as I am listening  
now.

## THE LOST CHORD.

SEATED one day at the organ,  
I was weary and ill at ease.  
And my fingers wandered idly  
Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing,  
Or what I was dreaming then;  
But I struck one chord of music  
Like the sound of a great amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight  
Like the close of an angel's psalm,  
And it lay on my fevered spirit  
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,  
Like love overcoming strife;  
It seemed the harmonious echo  
From our discordant life.



I DO NOT KNOW WHAT I WAS PLAYING,  
OR WHAT I WAS DREAMING THEN.



It linked all perplexed meanings  
    Into one perfect peace,  
And trembled away into silence  
    As if it were loath to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,  
    That one lost chord divine,  
That came from the soul of the organ  
    And entered into mine.

It may be that death's bright angel  
    Will speak in that chord again,  
It may be that only in heaven  
    I shall hear that grand amen.

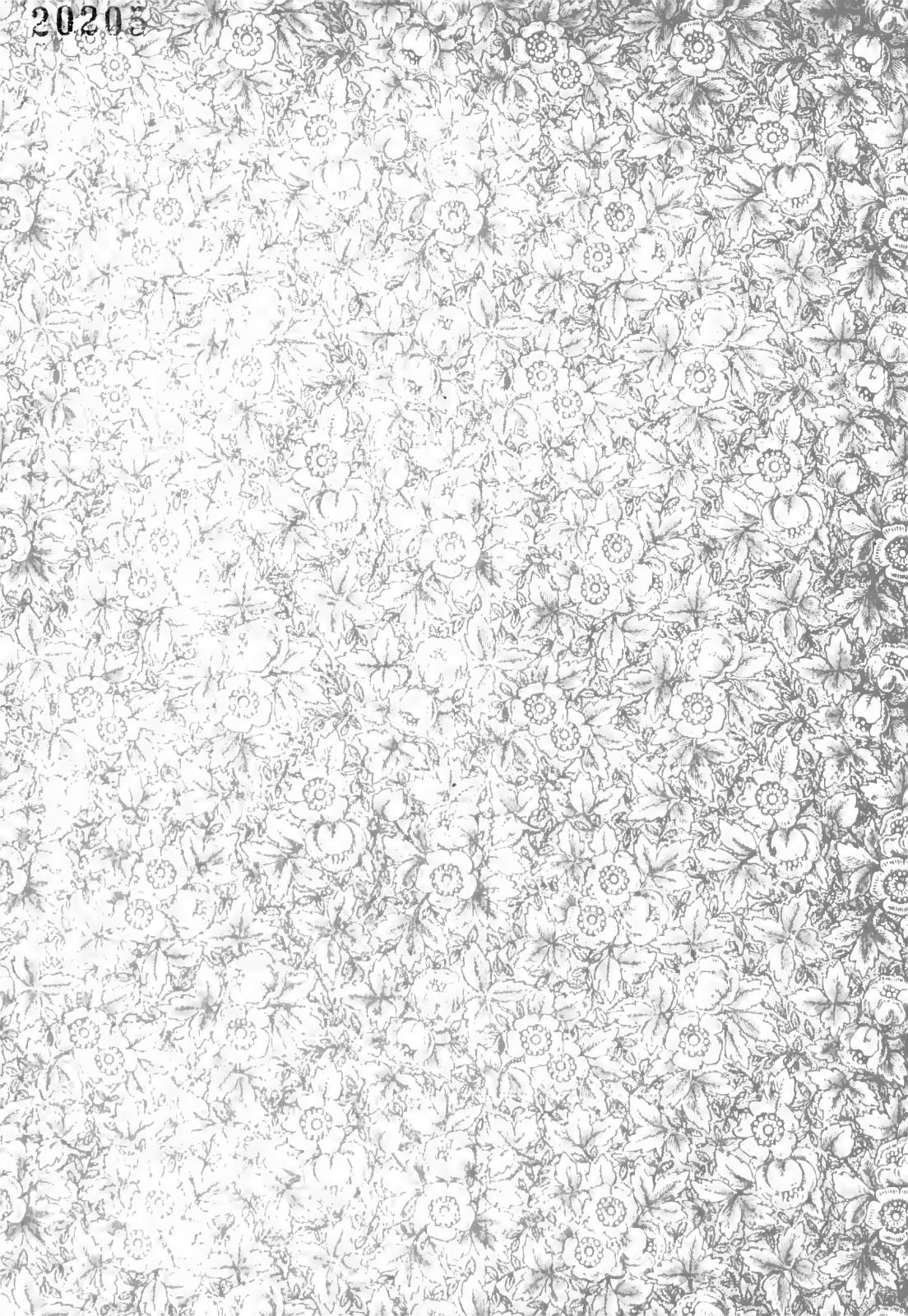




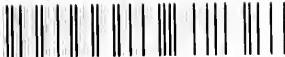




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